

164.9.56
2
THE

Englishman in Bourdeaux.

A

COMEDY.

Written in FRENCH,

By the celebrated Monsieur FAVART. K

Acted with universal Applause, at the

THEATRE-ROYAL, in PARIS.

Where it has had a more extraordinary Run than any other new Piece, in the Memory of the present Frequenters of the *French Stage*.

Translated by an ENGLISH LADY now residing in *Paris*.



LONDON:

Printed for G. KEARSLY, in *Ludgate-Street*,

MDCCCLXIV.

[Price One Shilling.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DARMANT,

Mr. Molé.

La MARQUISE de Floricourt,
Darmant's sister

} Madem. Dangeville.

BRUMTON,

Mr. Belcourt.

CLARISSA, *Brumton's daughter,*

Madem. Hus.

SUDMER, *Brumton's friend,*

Mr. Perville.

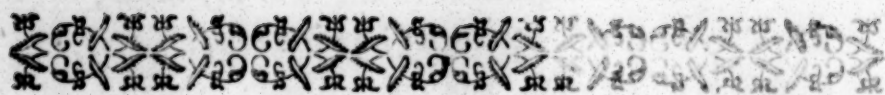
ROBINSON, *Brumton's servant,*

Mr. Armand.

Another Servant.

A BORDELOIS,

The SCENE is Darmant's House, in Bourdeaux.



P R O L O G U E.

TOO long by some fatality misled,
From pride resulting, or from folly bred;
Each clime to all the virtues lay a claim,
And soars self-flatter'd, to the top of fame:
Confines each merit to itself alone,
Or thinks no other equal to its own:
E'en the pale Russian, shiv'ring as he lies,
Beneath the horror of his bitterest skies,
While the loud tempest rattles o'er his head,
Or bursts all dreadful on his tott'ring shed;
Hugs a soft something closely to his soul,
That soothes the cutting sharpness of the pole,
Elates his bosom with a conscious pride,
And smiles contempt on all the world beside.

'Tis your's, O France, the earliest to unbind,
This more than Gordian manacle of mind;
To-night we bid your justice may be shewn
To foreign virtues equal with your own;
Think, nobly think, when nature first was born,
And fair creation kindled into morn,

The

P R O L O G U E.

The world was but one family, one band,
Which glow'd all grateful to the heav'nly hand ;
Thro' ev'ry breast one social impulse ran,
Link'd beast to beast, and fasten'd man to man,
And the sole diff'rence which we heard, or had,
Dwelt in the simple phrases, " Good or Bad."
Then scorn to give such partial feelings birth,
As claim but one poor competence of earth ;
Be more than French ; on ev'ry country call,
And rise, exalted, citizens of all.

To Monsieur F A V A R T.

S I R,

§ OUR piece being one of the few that can be
 § Y § often seen, affording still new pleasure, I have
 § assisted at several representations, and, from the
 first, resolved to give it an English dress; a *free* not a *servile* one: in order to attempt, in my country, what you have so laudably endeavoured in your's, the removal of national prejudices, which are a disgrace to humanity.

To each you hold up the moral mirror, displaying to them what is estimable, and the reverse, in both; wherefore, the perusal of such a performance must prove alike entertaining to the politer classes of the two nations, who are free from the low rancour of vulgar errors. Whether it can at present be equally well acted in London as here, I cannot say, not having been there for some years, and am consequently ignorant of its now dramatic state. If the writing of your piece is charming, the acting of it was admirable; each performer being tantamount to the part assigned: and as for *mademoiselle Dangeville*, in the *marquise de Floricourt*, there is no conveying her excellence in any description!

That your elegant and sentimental doctrine may pervade through all our provinces, I send my translation to London, by a gentleman well known there for many in-

genious and spirited productions. He has promised me, that it shall make its appearance in a correct manner so as not to do you any dishonour. I cannot conclude without observing to you, that I was highly pleased at hearing the delicate step taken by the French ministry in sending your performance to his grace the duke of BEDFORD, our plenipotentiary, that any passage he might object to, should be struck out; but none was found: an example of politeness to be followed by us in exhibiting other nations on our stage; in which article, I am sorry to own, we have been sometimes blameable. You see I have got into as talkative a mood as your heroine, the MARQUISE; but, to avoid becoming importunate, I subscribe myself,

Your admirer, and

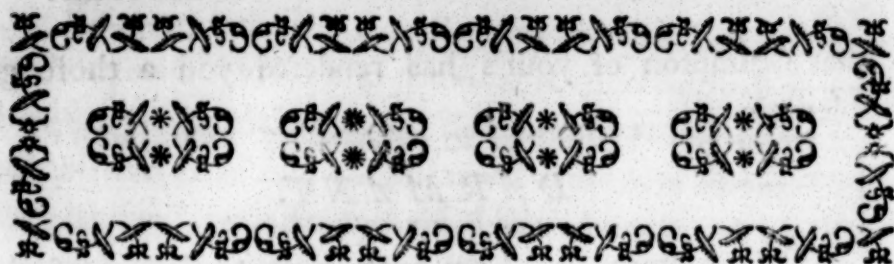
obedient servant,

Paris, Fauxbourg St. Ger-
main, Sept. 1. 1763.

A FEMALE TRANSLATOR:

P. S. The *Divertissement* (a practice so peculiar to the French stage, but almost unknown in England) which was exhibited after your piece, is so replete with what your country is censured for by foreigners, to wit, *la Frivolité*; as well as the too frequently returning play on the word *paix, paix*; and stanzas, which, for the flimsiness of their meaning, would prove nauseating to English readers, that it has been omitted. The few truly sentimental strokes therein are comprehended either in the conclusive tag, or diffused through other parts of the translation.

T H E



T H E

ENGLISHMAN in BOURDEAUX.

S C E N E I.

D A R M A N T, LA MARQUISE DE FLORICOURT.

La MARQUISE.

 O U my brother? I deny it. . . . There can
be no kindred betwixt me and a mortal, ever
pensive, displeased with every thing about
him. . . . Your English prisoners have quite
infected you with the native gloom of their climate. You
think of nothing but of means to please them. And
B that

2 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

that Brumpton of your's has rendered you a thorough splenetic.

DARMANT.

Sister no more. . . . I am hurt, hurt to the very soul ; Brumpton's friendship would be to me most valuable, and to obtain it I have neglected no endeavour : But his pride, his haughtiness, his disdain reject my friendly offers ; he chuses rather to be exposed to want, and let his family groan in distress, than accept a favour from the hands of an enemy ; which, in his mistaken sense, would be a stain to his honour.

La MARQUISE.

But soft . . . my dear, good-natur'd brother ; answer me one question now, . . . there is no-body near to listen ; in the midst of all these effusions of boundless and heroic beneficence, does not the young Clarissa come in for any share, nor inspire them in the least ? that dear, enchanting, sweet English girl ! Clarissa ! well brother ?

DARMANT.

Spare me, sister, nor with a malicious hand draw the curtain of my breast, there wantonly to see the secret of my heart. That I love Clarissa is most true, by heaven I adore her ; but yet struggle to suppress each fond sentiment, which I would fain keep concealed from her, from you, from every prying eye, lest any surmize of an amorous inclination should be a drawback from what in me is real generosity.

La

La MARQUISE.

So then, your sole motive of acting is?

DARMANT.

Humanity With regret I remember my having been the cause of this worthy family's distress . . . how big with horror is every scene of war! The gallant Brumton had lately weighed anchor from the port of Dublin, and every sail swoln with a favourable wind, was steering a due course to London. He had all his rich effects on board, and what was richer still, his beauteous daughter. The frigate, in which I commanded, was at that time cruising on the Irish shore. Brumton's vessel we espied, gave chase to, overtook, and fought her. This gallant English officer grew still more animated as the danger grew still more pressing. Our boarding he most undauntedly received, and in the midst of peril displayed a general's prudence, with a soldier's bravery. He rushed upon, and wounded me . . . it was my fortune to disarm him. . . . He then would fain provoke his fate; from that instant his life was my care; for to the vanquished brave he that has honour straight becomes a friend.

La MARQUISE.

Very well, brother; I shall own you now, for these sentiments.

DARMANT.

At last Victory declared for us Brumton's vessel soon sunk . . . and we had but just time enough to save

4 *The* ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux.

the ship's company, and bring them on board of mine. Since my return to Bourdeaux, my only study has been to sooth the affliction that minds above the vulgar feel in captivity. But Brumton sternly declines all my efforts to oblige him.

La MARQUISE.

For my part, I am not displeased with his character. He is blunt, it is true . . . but then he is open That haughty mien which seems offensive to our politeness, gives a new dignity to the noble rank which in adversity it is his pride to support. Although his looks are cold, there glows a fire in his eyes ; and if I mistake not he is possessed of an honest heart, and an elevated soul. He seems to me to be about forty . . . what think you, brother ?

DARMANT.

Thereabouts.

La MARQUISE.

Be thou his friend.

DARMANT.

Nay, that is all I aim at ; but hitherto every attempt has proved in vain. His extravagant notions of national honour, his singular manner of thinking, which he deems philosophical, his inbred animosity against the French, all conspire to form for ever an insuperable obstacle between us.

La

La MARQUISE.

I will get the better of it, I warrant: rely upon me. I am determin'd to cure him of his innate prejudices, both for your sake and mine, (in which we shall hereafter glory,) as well as for the honour of our nation. . . . Yes, I now will undertake this philosopher, and if in humour for a tilt of reasoning, will challenge him to it. You need not stare so, brother, I can look grave and even top the philosopher's part, when I please.

DARMANT.

This is one of your whimsical frolics, no more.

La MARQUISE.

Not it, indeed, brother; you do not know me, when you talk that way. Things are now come to a serious crisis; therefore I take the conducting of this affair in hand. Leave all to me. I have talents that may be depended on. Do not you harbour the least doubt of my succeeding. A peculiar ridicule is never so effectually cured as by its contrary. You see by this confession I am not partial to myself. Brumton I mark out for my game; let fair Clarissa be the object of your pursuit; reflect how scandalous it would be for the name of Frenchman to be in love, and (oh shameful!) to despair of success. But brother, be mindful to render Brumton every indirect service you can, and in the most secret manner.

DARMANT.

That I have already done, and mean to continue doing; but do you never let the least hint escape; because
nothing

6 *The* ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux.

nothing is so grating to self-love, as to hear the divulging of any service it has received. I have got his man Robinson to be my agent for all such purposes; and through his means Brumton has already touched certain sums of money, which the servant makes him believe came from a zealous English patriot.

La MARQUISE.

In this manner worthy men should ever be deceived.

DARMANT.

But yonder is Robinson come hither, friend.

S C E N E II.

DARMANT, LA MARQUISE, ROBINSON.

ROBINSON.

GOOD day to your honour; and to your ladyship also. O madam, what a worthy gentleman is your brother. . . . A better heart, I believe, never beat in any breast: but for him it had been all over with us long ago; and since we have been here in Bourdeaux. . . .

DARMANT.

No more . . . you know I forbid you to speak upon that head.

ROBINSON.

Was there ever so obliging a person? . . . and a Frenchman too! This generous man is ever ready to supply us
with

The ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux. 7

with money. He is the only resource we have. I can never think of him but I imagine I see his hands at the strings of his purse, to open it, saying the while, Here, Robinson, take without scruple whatever you judge necessary.

DARMANT.

Stop, let this bribe you to silence. [*giving him money.*]

ROBINSON.

Sir, I am bound over to secrecy.

La MARQUISE.

What is your master now doing?

ROBINSON.

Thinking.

DARMANT.

And Clarissa?

ROBINSON.

Sighing.

La MARQUISE.

Thinking! sighing! poor souls . . . a pretty way, forsooth, of spending one's time.

ROBINSON.

As Clarissa was amusing herself with the perusal of one of those flimsy novels, with which Paris over-runs the provinces,

8 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

provinces, my master, in a pensive mood, stole unperceived upon her, and having looked over her shoulder, exclaimed with surprize....What, in the name of common sense, do I see, a French book in your hand? Before startled Clarissa could make the least reply, the romance was dispatched through the window, as far as his hand could throw it.

La MARQUISE.

That, however, is a proof of his good understanding.

ROBINSON.

Study Lock, child, said he; read Clark, Swift, Newton, Bolingbroke; remember you are English; habituate your mind to thinking: . . . he then turned from her, slunk into and nighed himself in the great chair, in order to meditate fully at his ease, convincing himself more and more, that all you French folks are fools.

La MARQUISE.

He must be a very singular man, indeed.

ROBINSON.

I say nothing but the truth, madam; I do not exaggerate in the least, I protest to your ladyship.

La MARQUISE.

Does Brumton ever speak to you about me?

ROBINSON.

Frequently . . . and a great deal.

La

La MARQUISE.

I should be curious to know what.

ROBINSON.

What he says chiefly, is, (but I hope, madam, you'll not be angry with me) that you are silly ; and that he thinks it a great pity.

La MARQUISE.

So far from being angry with you, honest Robinson, I am pleased with your candour. . . . A flattering opinion truly . . . but let me alone . . . As for your master Brumton, I am greatly mistaken if my understanding, however frivolous he may now think it, shall not bring him to a proper sense of himself.

DARMANT.

What are his thoughts about the bill of exchange ?

ROBINSON.

That it is a true one, and he seems not at all surprised at it.

DARMANT.

It is a true one, indeed, and as good as ready cash.

ROBINSON.

I am going to receive the value now by his directions.

DARMANT.

You know where my banker lives ; but be sure let not a word of this affair transpire.

C

RO-

10 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

ROBINSON.

Fear not; to cover the transaction the better, I have made it pass under the name of Sudmer, a merchant in London, and one of his most intimate friends. My master, in return for this supposed service, will think himself obliged to hasten his wedding-day with Clarissa.

DARMANT.

To hasten Sudmer's wedding-day with Clarissa! you amaze me.

ROBINSON.

Yes, sir, to hasten Sudmer's wedding-day with Clarissa! and by this means, instead of one, three persons will be obliged; but more especially Clarissa in being made a wife.

DARMANT.

It is very well, Robinson; go, execute your commission; I shall be glad to see you another time. . . . What a stroke of adverse fortune!

S C E N E III.

LA MARQUISE, DARMANT.

La MARQUISE.

WHY, brother, this is being out of luck with a witness; you have been all this time, it seems, contriving the happiness of a rival; it is an odd circumstance, and really a laughable one.

DAR-

DARMANT.

Be firm, my soul ; I fear lest by some escape I shall betray myself : I ought to curb this impetuosity of my passion, instead of giving way to it ; and you, sister, must be sensible how necessary it is, that in the present conjuncture I conceal it.

La MARQUISE.

Brother, so far from it, that my advice is, let your passion blaze forth ; give hope an invitation to your heart. . . . Who this Sudmer is, you know not ; or what pretensions he can have to enter into a competition with those agreeable qualifications of which you stand possessed . . . would you but exert them, the preference, I answer for it, will be on your side. . . . Too much modesty is criminal, at your time of life. Become more confident in your own desert . . . in a word, be more a Frenchman, and let others perceive you have a just sense of those advantages nature has lavished on you.

DARMANT.

The man, sister, who over-rates himself, is a coxcomb.

La MARQUISE.

The man, brother, who under-rates himself, is an ass. . . I lose all patience with you ; this excessive delicacy will be your ruin at last ; you really want to be put under the tuition of some person experienced in polite life. . . . Come, let me conduct you . . . nay, proud heart, do not shrink away so . . . as high-minded a gentleman as you possibly can be, that is my late husband, the marquis de

12 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

Florincourt, though he had always been esteemed very agreeable before, yet, from the time of our union, and through my advice, which he always asked for, became still more amiable, and more sought for; nay, I at last made him the pink of the fashion, and the very soul of the beau monde . . . wherefore, if you will follow my advice.

DARMANT.

Pray, keep your advice till I ask for it. All I demand at present is, that my cruel situation may remain a secret.

La MARQUISE.

It shall for me, I assure you, modest, discreet and bashful sir; . . . I leave you to yourself.

DARMANT.

Do; you'll oblige me. . . . I am perplexed in the extreme, and bankrupt even in hope.

La MARQUISE.

Here comes Clarissa.

SCENE IV.

DARMANT, LA MARQUISE, CLARISSA.

CLARISSA.

MADAM, I have recourse to your assistance; my father is so absorb'd in melancholy, that he is displeased, offended, and rendered irksome to himself, by every

The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux. 13

every thing he sees. I entreat you will deign to sooth his anxious situation.

La MARQUISE.

If I can do it, dear miss, with all my soul.

DARMANT.

Good heaven; what is to be done? speak, sweet angel.

CLARISSA.

Alas, I know not! but yet I hope; for, not long since, as from the neighbouring saloon he heard you play one of Handel's concertos, the heavy gloom with which his mind was then overcast gradually disappeared. He listened, was pleased, admired; and the enlivening notes which your skill in minstrelsy called forth, warmed him anew. He is all enraptured when he hears any English music. And this is the first instance of his letting escape any sense of joy.

DARMANT.

Good sister, run to your instrument; play again.

La MARQUISE.

Confidante sir, it is not necessary . . . mind your own business, I will take care of mine . . . I leave you . . . what a diffident wretch . . . now is your time . . . be bold with decency, and prove yourself my brother. . .

S C E N E

14 *The* ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux.

S C E N E V.

CLARISSA, DARMANT.

DARMANT.

STAY, fair Clarissa. . . . Did you but know the sentiments of my heart.

CLARISSA.

I know the sentiments of your heart, sir? [*haughtily.*

DARMANT.

Yes, you. . . were there no other cause than your dutiful attachment to so worthy a father. . . I esteem, I revere him.

CLARISSA.

He deserves it.

DARMANT.

Undoubtedly . . . but shall I always find him adverse to my wishes?

CLARISSA.

Your wishes? I can't conceive, sir, what he has to do with them.

DARMANT.

But love has. [*with warmth.*

CLARISSA.

How, sir?

DAR-

DARMANT.

Self-love I mean, (at being so often rejected in the many vain attempts to render Brumton service,) should have confined its anguish in my swollen heart.

[recovering himself a little.

CLARISSA.

But your resentment on this head, sir, is expressed with an uncommon warmth.

DARMANT.

I betray myself, I see

CLARISSA.

There must be some mystery in all this.

DARMANT.

Some mystery, say you, miss? . . . None at all.
I mean no more than that your father hates me, that he detests me, and that you, his lovely daughter, inherit somewhat of his cruel dislike; of his national hatred to me.

CLARISSA.

Hatred, sir? judge not so rashly, neither of my father nor of me. Hatred, in my opinion, is the cruellest inmate the human breast can be tormented with; my heart was never made to harbour such a fiend. . . . *[aside]* And perhaps, I should be as cautious not to let love gain admission there. Can you think me so illiberal as to approve of those unjust, those partial prejudices so long
sub-

16 *The* ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.

subsisting between France and England? No in whatever climate virtue exists it will always be revered by me.

DARMANT.

Yes, virtue will . . . you yourself are virtue; your presence every where inspires, . . . [*with rapture*] Thou virtuous daughter of a virtuous father! It is in your form that virtue appears more beautiful, is more affable, yet prudent; nay, she hath assumed your every feature, to become still more respected. . . . In order to serve my country I obtained a commission; my soul was eager for the war, which being the cause of your misfortune, is now a very scourge to me; for, from the moment I beheld your fair eyes, I wished for peace, as mankind's general good.

CLARISSA.

So flattering a declaration can have but little weight with me; such fine spun complimentary phrases, are common to you all in this country; they spring but from the head, the heart quite unconcerned it is your chief maxim here, which, from your earliest youth you learn, to lure our weak sex with inveigling compliments; for the distinguishing characteristic of you all is, to be compleat masters of the seductive art, whose pernicious effects are, to bring so many credulous females to ruin and to shame. Such wicked maxims, which in my country are despised, here constitute the greatest part of what is called a brilliant education; and a pleasing address is the hackneyed masque to cover most villainous designs.

DAR-

DARMANT.

Be not so severe ; methinks I hear your father speak ; for these are his prejudiced notions of the French. . . . Fair monitor, you cannot imagine how much you afflict me, by such bitter reproaches against my country. Your disdainful air disconcerts me more than your utmost anger could.

CLARISSA.

I should be glad that no part of the censure I have pronounced on your country could be thought to glance on you.

DARMANT.

You would then be so indulgent as to except me.

CLARISSA.

Not I truly, sir ; mistake me not ; I only wish that I could except you.

DARMANT.

Can you then doubt of my sincerity ; what mortal can be false, addressing you ?

CLARISSA.

Stop, romantic sir ; you are relapsing into the trite, florid jargon . . . I can hear no more, therefore must leave you.

DARMANT.

Hear no more ? Cruel. I conjure you stay a moment longer.

D

CLA-

CLARISSA.

I consent . . . but upon condition that not a word of flattery escapes from you.

DARMANT.

Well, fair Clarissa, since you request it, I promise never more to utter these displeasing truths, which to others would be flattery. [*quite calm*] In regard to you, it seems, madam, that a general curb must be put upon all human desires. [*with a constrained coldness*] You exact too much... but, however, it is not my design to trespass in that point.

CLARISSA.

O sir, and I shall render you justice as to that point.
[*somewhat piqued*]

DARMANT.

You are in the right of it, miss; but deign to hear me . . . May not minds, educated in opposite principles, be united by esteem?

CLARISSA.

Yes; . . . but the hearts of persons born in countries so contrasted as your's and mine are, and while in hostile opposition, as now, should proceed no farther; but keep within the rear of their affections.

DARMANT.

[*Begins with moderation, but rises from it by degrees, into an extasy with which he concludes.*]

Affections? who spoke of any? . . . I am sure I did not? but, however, give me leave to observe, that hearts
know

know no difference of country. Diversity of manners and characters gave their first rise to different governments; and the laws are salutary restraints which must be prudently varied, according to each climate, and the temperament of its people: they are necessary rules that enable us freely to make adoption of even involuntary virtues. But the sentimental part in us hath but one universal law, one universal language in every country, that is equally understood by all mankind. The French, the English, the Spanish, the German, and even the Dutch, all tend to the object which their heart approves; they are all equally desirous of love's fond union; and a heart that is sensible finds its country every where. May public shame be the lot of those who think otherwise; a cold and unfeeling heart ought to be dashed into non-existence; it is a culprit against the general order of things, for an insensible being is a monster in nature.

CLARISSA.

What you say is very true, sir. [*with some emotion.*]

DARMANT.

O my Clarissa! [*with more.*]

CLARISSA.

Sir, . . . enough . . . What more would you prove? what more would you be at?

DARMANT.

I prove? I be at? I have too much respect, . . . and . . .

CLARISSA.

I fear, I have let him see too much.

[*aside.*]

D 2

DAR-

DARMANT.

Good heaven, I dread, I have said to much. [*aside.*

CLARISSA.

I hear my father coming.

DARMANT.

As my presence would be displeasing to him, I withdraw; because I would shun every occasion of causing any uneasiness to so worthy a personage, and whose favourable opinion of me I am so desirous to obtain.

S C E N E VI.

CLARISSA, BRUMTON.

BRUMTON.

THERE is no bearing, no enduring it, . . . what a people! what a country is this! what heads are here! O England, England, when shall I see you again?

CLARISSA.

Sir, may I ask the cause of your disquiet?

BRUMTON,

My anger is provoked beyond all bounds; I can see nothing but festive sports; can hear nothing but foolish laughter . . . except those execrable minstrels, with their damned instruments incessantly going about: the rascals sure must take a delight in passing and repassing so often under my windows, to add to my disquiet. These French waste the day in gambols and frolics; the night they

The ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux. 21

they consume in serenades. When shall I be extricated from this cursed chaos?

CLARISSA.

The French are gay by custom. . . . I wish, sir, you would not indulge so much this gloomy temper.

BRUMTON.

Is there not cause, child; now while discord in many different climates spreads havock and misery among such multitudes of unhappy sufferers, to hear the French nation singing, as it were, in a general chorus: in every town of this volatile kingdom nothing is talked of but feasting, sports, balls, and concerts. From what capricious deity can they derive so tranquil a disposition, as in the midst of war to enjoy repose, affecting to be free from any of the evils or the wants of life; for, with a false air of liberty under an absolute master the fantastic French fancy themselves to be happy; the wiser English endeavour to be so.

CLARISSA.

You may fancy yourself to be so too.

BRUMTON.

Leave me, child, I chuse to be alone.

CLARISSA.

Why always thus alone, sir?

[*Brumton makes a signal to Clarissa, with his hand, to retire; she withdraws.*]

SCENE.

S C E N E VII.

BRUMTON, SOLUS.

TO be thus detained among a frivolous people, who bid defiance to all the power of definition.....They make a great parade of an extravagant love for their king, without knowing wherefore. The phantom honour is the grand principle of all their actions. They are slavishly attached to their duty; and blindly devote to pleasure, the idol of this nation, the most valuable part of their time.

[He sits down, and having mused for a few moments, fixes his eyes upon a pendulum]

In this giddy realm every thing breathes luxury; even to yon pendulum, that is so wantonly decorated. The admonishing interpreter of time, who numbers our days, and reckons every instant, is preposterously crowned with a wreath of flowers. Now while this ball, with its solemn balancing, makes me count my advancing minutes towards death, the thoughtless French, hurried on by a squall of frivolous desires, read on each sun-dial a round of pleasures; nay, so alien are they from the proper feelings of humanity, that they dance in churchyards; and fiddle in charnel-houses . . . just heaven, what greater punishment can be inflicted on a rational mind, than to be condemned to sojourn among such demi-entities, such abortions of manhood. *[Brumton's servant comes in with bags of money]* What other plague comes now to disturb my solitude? Am I to be always pestered thus? . . . Ho,....'tis my servant with the money from the banker's; it

The ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux. 23

it comes in good time ; and brings with it the additional comfort of preventing the shame of being obliged to a foreigner . . . I suppose, you have got the exact sum ; for I do not chuse to be at the trouble of counting it now.

Servant.

Yes, sir.

BRUMTON.

Very well ; I will peruse Sudmer's letter again. [*he reads*] “ Dear Brumton, in your present situation money must be wanting to you ; therefore, I send you a
“ a Bill of Exchange, for two thousand guineas. I have
“ too great a reliance upon your friendship, to harbour
“ the least doubt of your offending mine by a
“ refusal. My fractured arm is pretty well recovered ;
“ I am not as yet allowed to write *with* it. You need
“ not send me an answer, because I now embark for Carolina, but hope to see you at my return.” [*having read the letter, he says,*] The offer of such a favour by Darmant would be a real offence ; but as it comes from a friend, I can accept it without blushing. . . . I now feel myself happy ! I shall get out of this odious dwelling, where I should soon die of impatience. . . . Carry these bags into my apartment ; and then tell Robinson to be expeditious in finding out another lodging, where I may feast my soul in solitude, silence and obscurity.

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

BRUMTON, LA MARQUISE ROBINSON.

La MARQUISE.

I Have overheard you sir, and must needs own, that this is a wonderful resolution come into your head, all at once; so you intend to quit us; but I have resolved otherwise. You seem astonished at what I say.

BRUMTON.

And not without reason, madam.

La MARQUISE.

You are (it must be owned) a most extraordinary being, that for near a month you have lodged in this house.

BRUMTON.

To my great mortification.

La MARQUISE.

You have not made yourself known to us. . . . Indeed, four or five times you have made a short apparition among us like that of a ghost; and in these four or five times you have said about two words at each; but they were very little to the purpose.

BRUMTON.

BRUMTON.

I said too much ; and doubtless, your character is but very ill calculated to tally with mine . . . I should be afraid to tire folks by talking much.

La MARQUISE.

Which, I doubt not, would be the case . . . but, notwithstanding it often happens that a mere trifle renders people fuitable, pleasing, and agreeable to each other. Now, sir, learn from me, that you are by nature endowed with every requisite to be agreeable in society, and yet you take prodigious pains to render yourself odious ; but I am determined to humanize and fit you for society.

BRUMTON.

Indeed.

La MARQUISE.

Indeed Pray, give due attention to what I shall say ; attempt not to go, I command you.

BRUMTON.

This is talking in a very strain.

La MARQUISE.

Not in a higher than becomes me, as a female, and a French one too.

BRUMTON.

So much the worse.

[*looking at her affectionately.*]

E

Le

26 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

La MARQUISE.

So much the better . . . Come, with your leave, sir ;
let you and me have a little conversation.

BRUMTON.

I am a man of few words.

La MARQUISE.

I am a woman of many, and therefore, will speak for
you ; upon condition that you answer me if you can.....
[*she holds Brumpton, who attempts to go away*] don't think
to get off so.

BRUMTON.

I am not clever at answering.

La MARQUISE.

Take your time ; I shall not hurry you : no constraint
is ever made use of in this house. Besides, sir, my
notion is, that consistent with the quality of a thinking
man, you cannot refuse your assistance to improve my
reason, and correct the errors of my heart, and mind ;
therefore, as a philosopher (which I am told you are) be
not niggard in communicating your knowledge, because
the most contemptible avarice is that of sense.

BRUMTON.

All that may be true ; but I think for myself alone.

La MARQUISE.

Fie, sir, this is inconsistency itself ; of what use would
be the meditations of the wise, if society were not to be
benefited

benefited thereby ; she ought to be cultivated both for her advantage and our own. Bid adieu to all your obscure and complicated thoughts. The best system of morality is to render one's self happy, which your's will never be able to effect. This truth I am convinced of by natural instinct, and the dictates of my heart. Men were at first connected by the chain of mutual wants ; but still more so by that of pleasure : why then would you refuse submitting to a yoke so lightsome ? If you would fain be happy, consent to be like one of us. . . .

BRUMTON.

A pretty conformity, forsooth, you would have me adopt ; I beg to be excused, madam, and besides, you have given me permission to

La MARQUISE.

O fir, by all means ; you stand excused, and you have full permission to bear as hard upon us as you like ; it will amuse me.

BRUMTON.

I am glad it will, madam ; so, according to your notion of things, I ought to be reformed, become sociable, and renounce common sense for the sake of being thought an agreeable gentleman, a pretty fellow.

La MARQUISE.

I do not see what a man can lose by being agreeable ; it is rather a recommendation, nay, an advantage to him.

BRUM-

BRUMTON.

I was not formed to act the entertaining personage, or the pretty fellow's part; know me, and those of my country better. Our genius leads us to more solid objects, being for the most part profound politicians, and big with projects for the general good, our utmost glory is to set the nation right. The meanest subject among us, ever attentive to his right, reads all the public papers, and tells his thoughts how England should be governed; knows the number of parliamentary votes on each side of the question; re-judges in the tribunal of his own bosom the equity of all enacted laws. . . . he speaks freely his sentiments upon peace and war, balances the interests of the different potentates in Europe, and settles in the nook of a coffee-house what districts of this earth should should be their respective shares.

La MARQUISE.

Sure, to be thus occupied is far more ridiculous than any thing to be met with in our manners, customs, or usages. Legislative and political ideas are above the sphere of the generality of mankind, placed at too great a distance to be competent judges of what is right or wrong. Subjects here in France never take any such unprofitable pains; ease and quiet are their chief concern; it is on the top of the sea that stormy billows rage; whereas the sand at the bottom is in a perpetual calm. . . . Enjoy then the sweets of life as we do.

BRUMTON.

What will these sweets produce?

La

La MARQUISE.

Pleasure.

BRUMTON.

Pleasure ! . . . O I understand you, madam, if I have a mind to become agreeable, I must, as I have already said, renounce my native character, to act the fatiguing one of an entertaining fop, and an elegant coxcomb. . . . Such a proposal to be made to a man who has been accustomed to think.

La MARQUISE.

Sir, many a man has become dull through art ; and insipid through dint of study.

BRUMTON.

That man's head, indeed, must be very wrongly turned, who can give into such extravagance as you would have me.

La MARQUISE.

You see I do.

BRUMTON.

We can thence infer no decisive consequence.

La MARQUISE.

If you attach yourself to, and dwell upon small faults, you have undertaken a tedious task ; for the list of them is very long. We have a thousand originals in France ; I could enumerate them to you myself for example among the first.

BRUM-

30 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

BRUMTON.

I did not expect so candid a proceeding.

La MARQUISE.

I know that I appear ridiculous in your eyes ; but every thing duly considered, let us try if we can fix what is ridicule. It is bandied through the world under different features ; but what is it in the main ? a mere convention, an ideal phantom, and idle prejudice. It never had a real existence in the opinion of any reasonable man ; because it varies according to the whim of every nation. Ridicule is annexed to any particular usage, and such usage is founded on the manners, dress and language of each people ; but I can thence infer no connection between it and the soul. Man is every where the same ; when actuated by virtue, he is my hero ; I pay no attention to exteriours. Are we never, according to our fantastic notion of things, to judge of man but by the masque he wears. Mankind in general have faults, and every nation some peculiar to it. . . . Why then should we stick at trifles. . . . Yes, at trifles, at little-nesses, at nothings, and unworthy, I tell you, sir, to be the object of a sensible man's dislike. . . . our study should be to get rid of real faults ; the errors of the mind are not to be imputed to the heart.

BRUMTON.

Why you reason like a philosopher.

La MARQUISE.

I a philosopher ! I know none of that dull fraternity ; nor am I curious of being acquainted with any they
are

The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux. 31

are too stupid companions for me, who love to be always amused ; as what suits my temper best.

[with sprightliness.

BRUMPTON.

Will the word amusement be always on your tongue !

[sullenly.

La MARQUISE.

Yes, hypochondriac, Sir ; I have as a good right to censure the Citizens of London, as you have to pour out invectives against us. But I laugh equally at both. Notwithstanding the English are sulky ; shy, not fond of company, and our contrast in every thing ; that does not hurry me into blind prejudices ; for thro' the gloomy habit of their souls, I descry many latent good qualities ; they are sincere, generous, brave, and thereon is founded my esteem for them.

BRUMPTON.

Can you esteem the English ?

La MARQUISE.

Undoubtedly Their hearts glow with magnanimity and honour, and many other virtues of which I could quote striking instances.

BRUMPTON.

You surprize me !

La MARQUISE.

Things go well his stern humour softens, and he comes to.

[aside.

BRUMPTON.

You astonish me, Madam ! you seem to think.

La

32 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

La MARQUISE.

I think ! I can't tell whether I do or not.

BRUMTON.

Were you an Englishwoman, I should fancy myself in danger of a new thralldom You have so winning a conversation.

La MARQUISE.

As for the faculty of thinking, which you were pleased to compliment me upon, I disclaim it as a work too laborious ; all that I say, are instantaneous fallies from the mind, from the heart, from the soul, as differently affected by the present objects ; while to you ruminating gentry, I resign all pretensions to profound speculation, which should be left to the professed philosophical tribe, as their sole patrimony,

BRUMTON.

True, Madam, but you are possessed of a much more valuable qualification. *[taking hold of her hand.]*

La MARQUISE.

Sir, Sir, consider pray he is disconcerted.

[aside.]

BRUMTON.

I am quite confounded ; and begin to fear my heart turns traitor. *[aside.]*

La MARQUISE.

Aside.] This first escape from Brumton encourages me . . . *[speaking aloud.]* How long I have staid here ; I believe it is now late ; and I must . . . *[going.]*

BRUMTON.

BRUMTON.

No, Madam, you must not

La MARQUISE.

Excuse me, Sir, for I am expected elsewhere to give my directions for the execution of an elegant ballet, to be performed to-night; now, sir, I should adore you, if you would consent to make one of our party.

BRUMTON.

You jest sure, to think that a man of my disposition . . .

La MARQUISE.

Why refuse me, what you can so easily grant? Do not be for ever on the stretch to hunt out new matter, as fuel for the devouring melancholy of your mind The English think; the French enjoy take my friendly advice, renounce philosophy, it is good for nothing but to give the spleen, and rob the heart of tender sensibility. Our national gaiety, which you call folly, tints the mind with ever smiling colours, and with charms that ever vary; it adds ornament to reason, gives a gentleness to our manners, and is in fine a perpetual spring that strews flowers over all the thorns of life.

BRUMTON.

It is not safe to hear her any longer The best of my play is to get off. [*aside.*] [*Music is heard.*] Hey-day! what the devil have we here; more scraping of cat-gut, more strim-strum work Zounds! what a hurricane.

F

SCENE

S C E N E IX.

BRUMTON, LA MARQUISE, BORDELOIS.

BORDELOIS.

MADAM, we are come to rehearse the ballet.

BRUMTON.

Blood how shall I weather out this tempest? Is there no escaping? *[looks about.]*

La MARQUISE.

It is in vain, Sir, you shall not go.

BRUMTON.

Why Madam, you mean to put me on the rack.

La MARQUISE.

You are really very absurd.

BORDELOIS.

This Gentleman is to make one, I suppose?

La MARQUISE.

Certainly; I rely upon that.

BRUMTON.

Have mercy on me, I beseech you.

BORDELOIS.

Sir, would you be pleased to dance a minuet.

BRUMTON.

I'd see you damn'd first, I never danced a minuet in my life, varlet.

BORDELOIS.

That signifies nothing; in three or four lessons I would make you a perfect master of it.

[offering to take him by the hand.]

BRUM-

BRUMTON.

Keep your distance, vermin; pray, madam, call off this buzzing insect.

La MARQUISE.

[*Aside*] For my sake, for your own, sir, conceal your splenetic disposition more. . . . [*to the Bordelois*] Go, I will come and join you presently.

S C E N E X.

BRUMTON, *La* MARQUISE,

I Wish you would study to render yourself more worthy of my attention. . . . For an hour or two I grant you a truce; but then shall return to the assault, and carry you by storm. . . . I will take no refusal . . . the consequence would be my never seeing you more; I tell you so before-hand. . . . Adieu for awhile, my dear, disagreeable Brumton. If our conduct in France borders on extravagance, pleasure is the apology; those displeased thereat are fools, but happy who enjoy it.

S C E N E XI.

BRUMTON, SOLUS.

THANK heaven, I am now alone. . . . I begin to breathe with some satisfaction. I fear, however, that I have spoken too harshly to this good-natured talkative gentlewoman. Notwithstanding all her inconsistency and futility, I perceive she has a good heart, and that the creature thinks without her knowing it. I had formed a

36 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

wrong judgment of her ; but I now see my error : wherefore, rough but honest Brumton, you must make her some amends upon that head. . . . You must give up something, and learn to think better of French women. One may be reconciled to them by degrees. . . . But here comes her brother Darmant ; I hate that fellow's countenance, and his company is to me abominable.

S C E N E XII.

BRUMTON, DARMANT.

DARMANT.

SIR, I come to you with agreeable news . . . and animated for your interest in particular, sir, I. . . .

BRUMTON.

Few words are best, what is the news ?

DARMANT.

We are going to make an exchange of prisoners ; I have had your name put down among the first, and for that purpose omitted no sollicitation.

BRUMTON.

Who desired you ? not I.

DARMANT.

It sprang from my pure intention to serve you.

BRUMTON.

This is a very strange fellow.

[*aside.*]

DARMANT.

I hope, sir, my zeal to serve you does not. . . .

BRUMTON.

It humbles me too much ; I am resolved to receive no favour but from my own countrymen. Why strive to oblige people against their will ?

DAR-

The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux. 37

D A R M A N T.

And why, fir, are you always in fuch extremes, as make you give the worſt complexion to every act.

B R U M T O N.

I have ſent diſpatches to London; and if fortune prove there favourable to my wiſhes, I ſhall, without your aſſiſtance, put an end to my miſery; till then, in Bourdeaux I remain.

D A R M A N T.

That, however, is ſome comfort. . . . [*aſide*] His departure, by taking away Clariffa, would forely afflict me. [*to Brumton*] My houſe, fir, is ever at your ſervice.

B R U M T O N.

No, no, fir; I mean to leave it immediately.

[*keeping down a ſigh.*]

D A R M A N T.

Why, fir, be at the trouble of ſeeking another abode? what can give you any uneaſineſs here? I hope, you have no cauſe of complaint.

B R U M T O N.

Sir, your civility is overwhelming.

D A R M A N T.

Sir, did you but know, you would think more favourably of me. . . . [*aſide*] I hope, he has no intimation of my love for Clariffa. . . . [*to Brumton*] Sure, ſome new incident muſt have occaſioned this ſudden diſlike in you to my houſe. . . . O . . . I now have hit it; . . . my ſiſter has been with you, and you are diſguſted with her flighty and froliſome behaviour.

B R U M T O N.

The fellow wants to ſound me.

[*aſide.*]

D A R-

38 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

DARMANT.

I am convinced that she is the cause of your dissatisfaction.

BRUMTON.

Why; what of your sister? . . . I can excuse her readily, on account of her sex.

DARMANT.

But, sir, there is a singularity in her character. . . .

BRUMTON.

Well, sir, have I complained to you of it.

DARMANT.

No, sir; you are too polite.

BRUMTON.

I polite? I scorn the epithet.

DARMANT.

I am, however, sensible, that her sole design is to sojourn the irksome hours of your sojourning here, and to restore you to yourself; were it not that I have forbid her, she would besiege you every day.

BRUMTON.

Then let her do as she lists.

DARMANT.

I positively will prevent your being troubled any more with her impertinent visits.

BRUMTON.

What a dog it is.

[*aside.*]

DARMANT.

I will go this moment, and lay an injunction upon her.

BRUMTON.

It is not necessary.

DAR-

DARMA NT.

It is incumbent on me to take care that you should not be disquieted by indiscreet officiousness.

BRUMTON.

I have made up my mind about her ; that is enough for me : so, sir, your servant.

DARMA NT.

I have but a few words to say, and then I leave you.... I have hitherto been extremely desirous of being honoured with your friendship ; but must now bid adieu to that flattering wish ; seeing your antipathy to me is too deeply rooted ever to hope its removal : therefore, the only boon which I have to ask, and that will over-pay all my poor services, is,

BROMTON.

What, sir ?

[*eagerly.*

DARMA NT.

Some share in your esteem.

BRUMTON.

That, sir, you have long had, in spite of me. . . . I am your foe, 'tis true ; but never did despise you. I am not unjust ; nor have I ever refused to any man that which he was fairly entitled to . . . But my friendship, sir, you never must expect. For, in these hostile times between France and England, any connection would be criminal. Every man should be imbued with the spirit of his country ; he that would sneak from it is a traitor.

DARMA NT.

Then, sir, imitate the rational, the enlightened part of your country, and purge your mind of all those errors with which it is defiled. . . . The calamities of war will soon be at an end ; then France and England will present
each

40 *The* ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux.

each other with the olive branch, while, over the nations reconciled, peace spreads her joy-diffusive wings.

BRUMTON.

Peace; I say, peace too. . . . all stuff. . . . vain chimeras . . . a permanent peace can never subsist between two nations, whose interests so essentially jar.

S C E N E XIII.

BRUMTON, DARMANT, *a Servant.*

Servant.

SIR, an Englishman desires to speak with you.

BRUMTON.

An Englishman! I am revived with the sound. . . . An Englishman! bid him enter. Shew him in; quick, quick.

S C E N E XIV.

BRUMTON, DARMANT, SUDMER.

SUDMER.

JOY! joy, to you, my dear Brumton; what a happy moment is this, that I should see you once more . . . my satisfaction is so great that. . . .

BRUMTON.

Is it you, dear Sudmer!

SUDMER.

Most certainly it is.

DARMANT.

Sudmer, is it possible? what an unexpected event!

SUD-

SUDMER.

Sir, you must be Darmant, or I greatly err ; the very features, the very countenance ; it is the very man. I thank heaven for this lucky meeting. Forgive me, Brumton.

BRUMTON.

What can be the meaning of this behaviour ?

SUDMER.

Do not be surpris'd, Brumton ; the first of all duties is gratitude. [*turns to Darmant*] Fortune has now fulfilled my every wish. . . .

DARMANT.

Sir, I don't know, that I ever had the honour of seeing you before.

SUDMER.

Be that as it may, sir, it is my Duty to remember you.

DARMANT.

I have not the least remembrance.

SUDMER.

None.

DARMANT.

None absolutely.

SUDMER.

I cannot be deceived, sir ; you are the identical man ; I call to mind now the whole transaction.

BRUMTON.

I don't know what to make of all this stuff.

SUDMER.

You shan't stir.

[*Darmant offers to go.*]

DARMANT.

Discretion dictates that I should,

G

Sudmer.

42 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

Sudmer. Sir, you are not one too many here ; stay at my request ; and be assured that my sentiments.
[*shewing Darmant to Brumton*] You see here a Phenix, a charming fellow.

Brumton. A charming fellow ; pshaw,...charming fellow, pish. . . . Such whip-syllabub expressions ought to be confined to the tea-table . . . a pretty compliment to be made use of from one bearded fellow to another ; if capable of thought.

Sudmer. What do you mean ?

Brumton. What I mean needs no explanation. . . . A man can never be called charming in a good sense, therefore, when people would speak rationally.

Sudmer. I don't know what you would be at ; but 'tis no matter. [*turns to Darmant*] Sir, look on me ; you surely must remember. . . Do you forget that I am indebted to you for my life, and that you made adverse fortune relent in my behalf. [*pointing to his heart*] Here is the tablet whereon your generous deeds are written ; you are my friend ; I certainly am your's : your kind procedure has for ever bound me to you ; if you have forgot, it is my duty to remember ; and thus we balance the account.

Darmant. You certainly mistake, sir. . . .

Sudmer. Not I, indeed. . . . *Sudmer*, never can be mistaken, when gratitude is in question, and whispers that his deliverer is at hand ; then sentiment supplies the place of every other sense : and when occasion offers, to recognize a benefactor, should my eyes fail, my heart points out the man.

Darmant. O I begin, sir, to see what you
at.
driv.

Brumton.

Brumton. If you do, you must have better sight than I; for I cannot see what all this laboured nonsense would insinuate.

Sudmer. You cannot . . . but *a propos* . . . singular characters always affect a difficulty of understanding the most simple things. You shall now see the whole of what I would be at; it is the cause of mankind; a debt of gratitude: which he who pays not, is a traitor to society. Generous actions should never be buried in oblivion. In the forty-gun ship, which Brumton you heard I had got the command of, I was surprised near a Lee-shore, with a sudden and most violent storm; was near being wrecked, which would have been a fine hit for the enemy. Now guess what this frugal gentleman did when the storm subsided; on finding us dismasted, and all our guns thrown overboard... "I could make you all prisoners said he to me; but I scorn to profit of any such mean advantage; I war not with distress." In a word, he gave us every assistance wanted, his purse was open to us, he let us have all our effects, and what is still more valuable, our liberty. There were no bounds to his acts of beneficence; and now, the least reward such generosity can have, is to be admired.

Brumton. Each generous deed is fraught with its own reward; [*fully*] being done as much to gratify self-love, as to serve another. [*to Sudmer aside*] I cannot help admiring the fellow, but do not chuse he should know it.

Darmant. Judge more equitably, sir, of our nation, whose characteristic is humanity. A foe in prosperity I undauntedly assail, but when crushed by adverse fortune, I then consider him as man, and am his friend.

44 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

Sudmer. And such should be the sentiments of every honest heart. I take it not upon me to decide the different pretensions of emulous realms ; let us be men, and never depart from that principle.

Brumton. Who talks thus cannot be English.

Sudmer. But he is more ; he is a man. . . . What dislike can you have to this gentleman ? Your coldness to him shocks me. The born slave of our national prejudices you are shamefully partial. Be infected no longer with maxims contrary to the general sense of the world. Look as I do upon all mankind, as brethren, without an eye of preference to any, and get rid of all your narrow ideas. What can be more absurd, than, because one man is born here, another there, they must implacably hate and for ever commit depredations upon each other. Take my word for it, Brumton, that in all the various regions where I have been, I never could discover but two sorts of men, the good and the bad ; and wherever I can find worthy people, there my country is, be it in Asia, Africa, or America. Therefore, let us three embrace as friends, as champions for humanity....[*to Darmant*] I expect you will honour my marriage with your presence. . . .

Yes, you, sir ; I insist upon it too. . . . I am to be married to a miracle of beauty, a most amiable young lady by all accounts, with whom I am like to be happy, and in return, I shall love her. . . , Why this dejected look at what I say ?

Darmant. Dejected . . . no . . . Sir, I share in your happiness.

Sudmer. No sharing, sir, if you please, notwithstanding my esteem for you ; if she be as pretty, as report gives out,

Darmant

Darmant. Sir, I revere the solemn tie by which you are so soon to be engaged.

Brumton. I hope my daughter will have a due sense of so advantageous a match ; I'll go directly and prepare her for the peculiar honour and happiness she is fortunately favoured in the lucky circumstance of becoming your spouse, and, till then, it must make her minutes run more joyously.

S C E N E XV.

S U D M E R, D A R M A N T.

Sudmer. **Y**OU know the lady that is intended for me... but why so grave, Darmant ? have you any secret cause of anxiety ? perhaps, you are my rival ; if, . . . tell me, . . . but no matter . . . I am impatient to know the cause. . . .

Darmant. I entreat, sir, you will ask no questions.

Sudmer. But Clarissa resides in your house ; I therefore would be satisfied on that head.

Darmant. Be things as they may, you have nothing to fear . . . Clarissa is a divine object, and worthy of adoration. It is possible, sir, that I might love her without giving you the least umbrage. . . . [*aside*] I can scarce refrain from breaking out. . . .

Sudmer. However, I observe a concern, a gloom on your countenance . . . speak out man. . . . His confusion encreases.

Darmant. I pray, no more, sir ; adieu ; enjoy the happiness your better destiny has prepared for you, and conceive no alarm on my account . . . there is no man but might glory in feeling sentiments of love for Clarissa . . . I have nothing more to say.

S C E N E

S C E N E XVI.

SUDMER SOLUS.

AProud sort of reply . . . I must come to the bottom of this affair. . . . I have doubts that must be cleared up . . . but here opportunely comes Brumton, and probably his fair Clarissa. . . . Let me consider how I ought to proceed. I hope, I have not been deceived. She is very beautiful! bewitchingly so!

S C E N E XVII.

BRUMTON, CLARISSA, SUDMER.

Sudmer. **G**OOD day to you, fair lady; I am Sudmer, your devoted servant; and am now come to accomplish my long expectation of being your husband. I feel before-hand that I shall love you. [*to Brumton*] Otherwise, friend Brumton, it would be ridiculous in me to marry her . . . she is a charming girl i'faith.

Clarissa. Sir, for my part. . . .

Sudmer. Perhaps, you may not think it a suitable match. Do you think you shall love me?

Clarissa. I hope so, sir, . . . my father's will is to me a law. . . . Moreover, sir, your generous character, your noble manner of proceeding, do honour to his choice, and virtue has always been a stronger plea to win my heart, than love itself. When in an affair of this importance we take reason for our guide, love, in the interval, should be preceded by esteem.

Sudmer.

The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux. 47

Sudmer. I beg to be excused, young lady, as to interval, I can allow no such delay, that might be done by those who can wait. Brumton, you know I cannot; you have made choice of an old son-in-law, who, to his misfortune, has not a moment to lose. I am convinced that love does not plead warmly in behalf of a man, at my time of life. This is to be a marriage of family-convenience, and the merit of it is to be imputed solely to our common interest . . . but that is not all, I have something more to say. . . . Although this young lady of your's is most virtuous, there may be some object more pleasing to her than I am.

Clarissa. Were it so, I have power over, and can command my heart.

Sudmer. Why! why! that is the very stile Darmant spoke to me in just now.

Brumton. Darmant. Why mention him?

Sudmer. Look and learn . . . see, she reddens at his name. . . . I see clearly how it is; is it not true, my betrothed fair one? . . . and perhaps, . . . but . . .

Brumton. Sudmer, such surmises are affronts.

Sudmer. I have my reasons for starting them.

Brumton. They are groundless, I am sure; Darmant is French, my daughter is English; it is impossible she can love him.

Sudmer. That is a foolish consequence you have drawn. . . . The French have been at all times celebrated for the art of pleasing the fair sex; I know by experience, that in general they are very agreeable men; and that many among them are worthy of our highest esteem; therefore, it is by no means unnatural that an English lady

48 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

lady should be enamoured with a French gentleman.

Brumton. But I know my daughter's way of thinking, I dare answer for her heart. The gratitude alone with which she is penetrated, as well as I am for all those singular services you have rendered to us, must for ever attach her to you as the object of her most tender affections.

Sudmer. What services pray, have I rendered to you?

Clarissa. And if my plighted hand, sir, is the necessary return for your generous assistance. . . .

Sudmer. I comprehend ye not; I never rendered you any service.

Brumton. Haven't I your writing to prove it?

Sudmer. You are certainly beside yourself, Brumton; for it is only within these few days that I was made acquainted with your situation.

Brumton. The fact is not the less true for that; I produce your own letter as evidence against you. . . . there it is.

Sudmer. What can all this mean? Why, Brumton, this is not my writing.

Brumton. I know that as well as you. . . . Your arm was broke at the time.

Sudmer. More madness. I tell you, I have had no arm broke.

Brumton. No is it possible?

Sudmer. Certainly, as that you are really out of your senses.

Brumton. Read then that letter. . . . [*aside*] Poor Sudmer's head is turned already with love and jealousy.

Clarissa. It is certainly so . . . what I all along conjectured.

Sudmer.

The ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux. 49

Sudmer. My anger is rouzed ! was there ever so provoking a piece of imposition, as to pass under my name acts of generosity, which I should be glad to have performed. This is a piece of treachery for which I will have ample vengeance. . . . Have you received the sum ?

Brumton. Yes, from a banker.

Sudmer. His name ?

Brumton. Argant.

Sudmer. Where does he live ?

Brumton. In the neighbourhood.

Sudmer. I'll go to him directly ; be satisfied as to this affair ; and return anon.

S C E N E XVIII.

BRUMTON, CLARISSA,

THERE is something very extraordinary in all this ; whence could the Bill of Exchange come as well as the other articles I have received, since it is not from Sudmer. . . . I am in a Quandary ; they must have been, doubtless, sent by some other person of my country, who chuses to make a secret of obliging me. Such is the nature of an Englishman, to render service, and to lie concealed ; but I keep an exact account thereof, in order to acquit myself to my benefactor, when I shall discover him ; because any person, not estranged from honour, must shudder at the most distant thought of proving an ingrate ; for acknowledging to return a benefit received is the highest enjoyment of the human mind. I am determined not to rest until I shall have found out who my *incognito* friend is. . . . But now to return to you, Cla-

H

rissa.

50 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

rissa. Sudmer, by his considerable wealth, will raise our family; he means to make a very happy settlement for you. . . . I hope, you have no reluctance to the wedding.

Clarissa. It is my duty to obey you in all things.

Brumton. You sigh, *Clarissa*.

Clarissa. It is true, sir.

Brumton. Speak ingenuously your mind, and scorn to dissemble.

Clarissa. Sure, sir, you cannot think me capable of such a meanness. . . . I never could deviate from truth; . . . and dissimulation implies guilt. I have no hidden thoughts which I would conceal from so indulgent a father, as you have always been to me; there is no secret in my heart to which your ear shall be a stranger.

Brumton. I hope you will not prove refractory to my intention.

Clarissa. No, sir; . . . I submit myself in all things to your will. . . . Although in England every heart can dispose of itself, and parental power is limited; yet, fear not, sir, that ever I shall put it to defiance. . . . rather perish the very name of that liberty which would set aside the authority of parents over children; for where law fails to bind, all liberal hearts own the parent's right, which nature has thereon so strongly impressed; and the acting in compliance with such implanted sentiments, is filial duty, to be superseded neither by rebellious passions, nor the abuse of laws.

Brumton. Your sentiments are just and laudable; but tell me, why such an affected display of them at this juncture? Is Sudmer a disagreeable object to you?

Clarissa. No . . . sir . . . but . . .

Brumton.

The ENGLISHMAN *in* Bourdeaux. 51

Brumton. What?

Clarissa. I will marry Sudmer; if you think it your interest I should do so.

Brumton. I have given him my word.

Clarissa. Then he shall have my conjugal vow . . . but another has my heart.

Brumton. Unfold this mystery . . . marry one man, love another! why, child, I see you are already infected with the dishonourable usages of his country. I hope you do not mean to adopt them for your rule of conduct. Let me hear no more of such stuff. . . . Tell me, however, who is the person of your heart.

Clarissa. Yes, sir; I will venture to tell you; . . . my heart surrendered in opposition to every effort of my mind . . . and the many virtues of a Frenchman.

Brumton. How! one of our enemies!

Clarissa. He is not our enemy. . . . Darmant is the man.

Brumton. I am all amazement . . . thunder-struck . . . I now see what gave birth to all his offers of friendship to me.

Clarissa. Conclude not so rashly, sir. Such a suspicion would be equally injurious to us both. . . . He never has made any overture of love; neither has he ever presumed to express any other sentiments to me but those of respect and esteem; nor on my side have I ever given him the remotest hint of his having made any impression upon my heart.

Brumton. All this is fine talk; but since I am master, you shall marry Sudmer, that I am resolved on; so be reconciled to your lot, and obey my commands.

S C E N E XIX.

BRUMTON, SUDMER, CLARISSA.

SUDMER.

I Can make nothing of this intricate business. I have been at the banker's from whom you had the money, he received me very politely; to all my questions returned evasive answers, and only let drop, that in Darmant's house here, where you lodge, I might get some intelligence from an English servant.

Brumton. That certainly must be my fellow.

Sudmer. Then he will unravel this ænigma

Brumton. Robinson

S C E N E XX.

BRUMTON, SUDMER, CLARISSA,
ROBINSON.

Robinson. **SIR.**

Brumton. Come hither, friend, . . . you must this moment declare to me, without equivocation, or mental reservation whatsoever, whence came the money that through you, has been brought to me; do not dare to conceal the truth, for we are informed that you know the whole mystery of the affair.

Robinson. It came Sir, . . . from one of your friends.

Brumton. From Sudmer?

Robinson. No doubt, that is as clear as day-light.

Sudmer. From me! you scoundrel?

Robinson. I have got into a wrong box here.

Sudmer.

The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux. 53

Sudmer. You are detected in a lie, friend I am
Sudmer

Robinson. I am very glad of it, sir; pray how long have
you been in France? I hope the air of Bourdeaux agrees
with you?

Sudmer. Who has been the contriver of this infamous
plot, varlet! so I have had my arm broken, rascal, have
I? I will give you proofs, to the contrary.

Robinson. Softly, good sir, I beseech you what
then, it is not you it seems, whose generous heart hath
sent hither so many obliging favours?

Sudmer. Not I, positively.

Robinson. Then positively it must be some body else.

Sudmer. Who is it has made use of my name?

Robinson. A name like your's, sir, was calculated to
give a new lustre to friendly deeds.

Sudmer. This knave is deep in the plot, discover quick-
ly who it is, or expect no quarter.

Robinson. Sir, you will be my ruin.

Brumton. How so?

Robinson. Absolutely because from time to time
receive pecuniary compliments to bribe me on to far-
ther secrecy in this affair.

Brumton. Then you know the principal agent. . . .

Robinson. I do, and a worthier man breathes not, a
man ever desirous of doing you a service, without your
knowing from what quarter it comes. You know, master
I am very plain dealing, sincere fellow; have ever been
inviolably attached to your interest; wherefore that you
might be effectually served, this unknown friend even se-
duced and prevailed on me, that agreeable to his pleasure,
I should be guilty both of the imposture and the forgery. I
had

54 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

had no small share in the invention but it was all contrived for a good intent.

Brumton. In one word, who is it? I insist upon knowing him directly.

Robinson. Why then, sir, since the cat must come out of the bag; it is the gentleman of this house.

Brumton. Darmant!

Clarissa. Darmant!

Brumton. He be the author of so generous an act . . .
[*to Robinson*] ah! thou traitor, thou wretch, to have thus betrayed my honour.

Robinson. I own my fault, sir.

Brumton. You deserve the severest punishment,
but think you he loves my daughter?

Robinson. I am sure not, sir, he would not presume it; all his actions, in regard to you, sprang from the purest generosity.

Brumton. And pray, *Clarissa*, did you know any thing of this obliging imposition?

Clarissa. Not I, upon my honour; and am as much amazed at it as you are.

Brumton. It is very surprizing; and his manner of proceeding astonishes me.

Sudmer. You would not be astonished if you knew him as well as I do I know my friend, in an act like this; I freely pardon his assuming my name.

Brumton. *Robinson*, I forgive you; but make no mention of the discovery to him.

SCENE

S C E N E XXI.

*To the actors of the foregoing Scene, enter LA MARQUISE,
DARMANT.*

La Marquise. GOOD news ! good news for all ! I give
ye joy, no longer doubt of the peace,
it is now ratified ; and with unfeigned transport shall I
see it published* : charming peace ! the very sound implies
the general welfare of mankind. It is the golden chain,
whose links hold the nations of the world in mutual union.

Th' assembling people flock through every street ;
Now call on friends ; now folks unknown they greet.
Men, women, children form the motley throng,
Peace is the word ! and crowds drive crowds along.
Some laugh, some sing, some dance, some run, some fly !
Joy's in each heart, and gladdens every eye !

Clarissa. It must be a most affecting object ; I should
like to see it.

La Marquise. For that purpose am I come, that you
and your father may be witnesses to what a degree the
French love their country. The enchanting theme, as
you have already perceived, sublimed my thoughts, and ren-
ders me poetical . . .

'Tis true content, unwrinkling every brow,
And brilliant gaiety, nature's only paint,
Gives youth to age, is life's perpetual bloom . . .

Now

* *In the cities of France war and peace are not proclaimed
as in England ; but printed declarations thereof are posted up
in all the principal streets.*

56 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

Now choicest colours with their purest tints,
 Portray the features of true happiness :
 Herself's the foremost of the painting tribe,
 And e'en o'er ugliness can breathe a charm !

Come, come with me, view the universal joy and various shapes which it assumes . . . Here a milliner makes a shew of all her trinkets, and, as she decks her gawdy shop, repeats each moment, welcome peace, sweet peace is come at last. I shall once more have English customers ; on which her young children whimsically ask, " Mama, " What kind of folk are the English, be they made like " we ?" . . . Farther on we shall meet drunken musicians, scraping their fiddles, and roaring out stanzas on the joyous occasion, good, in themselves (though, critically, bad,) and preferable to dull in-folios, because they spring from the heart . . . In every instance you shall find, that the greatest pleasure of the French is to revere their monarch : it is our love for the sovereign illuminates every window : Who more sensible thereof than I ? actuated by that glorious sentiment, our first acknowledged law, I'll dance the live long night ; I'll take the lead ;

I'll be the first to sing,
 Long live each PATRIOT KING.

Brunton. You not only enrapture me, but dispel from my mind its habitual gloom ; I now begin to feel that gaiety which you have painted in such lively colours, must be the herald of an excellent heart . . . Darmant, hostilities have ceased, and our nations are now reconciled. You have subdued and made a convert of me, by your generous proceedings. Gratitude now triumphs over prejudice,

judice, and let our families be henceforward united by sentiments of mutual friendship.

Darmant. Sir, I am for ever bounden to you. . . .

Brumton. Those indirect services which, with such an ingenuous dexterity you have conveyed to me, in so secret a manner, to avoid hurting my delicacy in the least, I shall never forget; and, now the peace enables me, it will be my first care to requite: but, while my heart beats, and memory holds a place in this brain, the entire interest can never be discharged.

Darmant. Deign, sir, to look upon me as one of your family. . . .

Brumton. For a convincing proof of the esteem in which I hold you; you shall be a signing witness to the marriage-contract of my daughter, who this very night is to be wedded to Sudmer.

La Marquise [*laughing.*] You could not, sir, ask my brother a greater favour, or one that he can have a more lively sense of.

Darmant [*aside.*] I am undone for ever: oh! my tortured heart!

Darmant. What do I hear and see? *Darmant* turns aside and sighs, his sister laughs immoderately; and, yet, this is not a subject either for sadness or laughter. . . .

La Marquise. I laugh at my brother's imbecillity; poor oaf, how like a statue it stands?

Darmant. Sister, sister, is this a time? . . .

Sudmer. How? is it possible that *Darmant* can be thrown into such confusion?

La Marquise. Why, don't you see the cause, the poor thing is enamoured with your bride to be. But, he is a sober, discreet, sighing, silent, respectful, reverential, lover;

58 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

ver ; his excessive modesty always depriving him of the use of words ; like a speechless idol he makes love most lamentably . . . O the pity of it . . . ha, ha, ha . . .

Darmant. Sister, I say once more, desist ; nor let your wantonness provoke me to any indiscretion before this company ; I am racked enough already, without your aggravating . . .

Sudmer [*rubbing his forehead.*] Brumton, I begin to apprehend it would be a silly act in me to marry so young a lady as your daughter . . . I like her very well . . . but that is not enough . . . has she the same sentiments on her side ? I fear not ; and that this gentleman here, my friend Darmant, is more to her taste, as they are nearer in years : besides, I have some reasons to think he has the preference . . . and, as he hath already proved himself very obliging to you, under the borrowed denomination of Sudmer ; should I become Clarissa's husband, through his still unabating affection for the family, he may, hereafter, be inclinable to do farther service in my name.

Brumton. Then, sir, we are off. . . . Now, Darmant, I make choice of you for my son-in-law. . . .

Clarissa. O, sir, you revive me ; you are now a second time my father. . . .

Darmant. O, sir, no words can express the sudden overflowing of my heart ; the obligation spurns all bounds, and thanks would be a derogating word on this rapturous occasion. You behold, in me, the happiest of mankind.

Sudmer. So, so, . . . if your sails are that way trimmed, I think I have tacked about in proper time. . . This is a far more suitable match, and I approve of it. . . .

Darmant.

Darmant. My sister should now give consent to join hands with Mr. Brumton in wedlock; such a double alliance would quite extinguish all former antipathy.

La Marquise. I should be afraid of Brumton's gloomy and jealous temper. . . .

Brumton. I own the proposition is somewhat startling to me; but, however, madam, is it your opinion, that a French lady, endowed with so much sprightly wit and vivacity as you are, can be able, to make sociably blend therewith a sufficient solidity of character for a husband to found his constant happiness upon; . . . and never unreasonably to intrude upon, and disturb him in the digestion of his reflections.

La Marquise. Before I answer, by making my own panegyrical apology, permit me, on my side, to propose a question: Do you think, sir, that an Englishman, who is always thinking (and French women, you must know, require something else, besides thinking) when he ventures on the married state with an amiable and virtuous wife, can be possessed of that engaging sweetness of temper requisite to make her happy, consequently faithful; and to make her bless her stars for being joined in wedlock to such a man? . . . To keep a wife constant and true, let your house be the rendezvous of innocent amusements, for a disagreeable home often sends women gadding abroad, and then who can answer for the consequences?

My Lord. Enough said on both sides. Come now, dear Marquise, if you will run the risk, I am willing to adventure; and promise, that in me, become a most complying husband, you shall always find a lover. Peace having now put an end to all distinctions between your country and mine; my prejudices are all vanished. . . .

Summer.

60 *The ENGLISHMAN in Bourdeaux.*

Sudmer. Now, Darmant, do not refuse me an opportunity of discharging a debt of gratitude I am advanced into the vale of years, have great riches and no heir; wherefore I adopt you and Clarissa . . . if you offer to thank, you will offend me. To have contributed to the happiness of my friends will be a reward sufficient. . . . But hark, by the joyful shouts from abroad, the people are gathered for the public rejoicing; let us go and be spectators: the happiness of individuals is always heightened by that of the public.

Darmant. My sister struck dumb! pray who is now the statue?

Sudmer. What! is the spirit of mirth sunk? is the fun of jollity eclipsed?

Brimton. My dearest Floricourt, I hope no sudden indisposition. . . .

Clarissa. O, madam . . . my soul is on the alarm...speak...

La Marquise. I feel a weakness which you all will pardon.

These tears are witness to the purest joy
My heart has ever known . . . late warring nations,
For arts, for arms, and each superior gift
Of nature famous, now join social hands! . . .
Fell discord hence, and ne'er again arouse
These realms, subsided into mutual friendship.

But thou, chaste pleasure, strew the flow'ry ways;
Sing *French* and *English* bards in patriot lays:
Peace, joy, and plenty, crown our future days. }

F I N I S.



E P I L O G U E.

THE anxious struggle happily o'erpast,
And ev'ry party satisfy'd at last ;
It now remains to make one short essay,
And urge the moral lesson in the play.

In arts long since has Britain been renown'd,
In arms high honour'd, and in letters crown'd :
The same great goddess who so nobly sung,
In SHAKESPEARE's strains, and honey'd o'er his tongue,
Their deathless MARLBRO' to the triumph led,
And wreath'd eternal laurels round his head :
Yet, tho' the trump of never-dying fame
Strikes heav'n's high arches with the BRITISH name ;
Tho' on the sands of Africa it glows,
Or casts a day-light on the Zemblian snows,
Still there are faults in BRITAIN to be found,
Which spring as freely as in common ground.
We are too gay, . . . they frequently too sad ;
We run stark wild ; . . . they, melancholy mad.
Extremes of either reason will condemn,
Nor join with us, nor vindicate with them.

The

EPILOGUE

The human genius, like revolving suns,
An equal circuit in the bosom runs ;
And tho' the various climates where 'tis plac'd,
Must strike out new diversities of taste,
To one grand point eternally it leans,
Howe'er it warps, or differs in the means.

Hence, on no nation let us turn our eyes,
And idly raise it spotless to the skies ;
Nor still more idly let our censures fall,
Since knaves and madmen may be found in all.

Here then we rest, nor further can contend,
For since the best will find some fault to mend,
Let us where'er the virtues shed their fire,
With fervour reverence, and with zeal admire ;
Exert our care the gathering blaze to trace,
And mark the progress only, not the place :
Confess alike the peasant's and the king's,
Nor once consider in what soil it springs.



LIB